52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621.

June 17th
1937

Yes. It would be better than nothing —
lunch July 1st — One o'clock, 20
to open it out.

Ah hah! (Then open to Curtis Brown).
But this begins really to mean business
You & L. Shall we
What have we spent the last days doing?
Ripping up a typing in bed & Li Hudy;
the event comes off this Tuesday. Then we
can go to Rodmell. Dogs enough;
4 dogs there be. Some say this still rejoi-
George (not a S) certainly want. Have
you read her Memoirs? Do: But no
more now — V.

Wednesday July 22.
1937

Dear Leaine

I wired to you because Julian
was killed yesterday in Spain. Nessa
when I have more of the details and
there may be more of the time. You will understand
terrible -

Leonard says if you could both be between
2.30 & 3 tomorrow he could drive the Vachts

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This refers to the death of Sylvia Bell in Spain

Aug. 1937
July

Dearest Creature,

Was very glad of your letter. I
loved that walk, as I've been round with
Vanessa all day. It has been an
incredible nightmare. We had both
been certain he would be killed. The
strain on her is now, perhaps mercifully,
making her so exhausted she can only
vegetate in bed. But I think we
shall have her down to Charleston on
Thursday.

Lord, why do these things happen?
I'm reading not clear enough with my
head to feel anything but a variety of

dull anger & despair. She had every sort of
gift — above everything vitality & enjoyment.
Why must she get set on going to Spain? —
But it was useless to argue. And his
feelings were so mixed. I mean, interest in war
& conviction, & a longing — to be in the thick of
things. How was the first of these habits,
& I can't describe how close & real &
always alive our relation was. As for
Nessa — but anyway I'm so stupid
about writing the char to buy matter,
& generally doing odd jobs that I can't
express what I do figure this epoch.
Thank you come over to M. H. one day!
I should like to see you. Bid dear old Clive, —
he is such a pathetic, but & always human,
man. Cracking his jokes.
to try & make us all laugh — ah. I admire

Monks Moore
Rodmell.

Sunday
19th Sept. (37)

Here is the letter that contains Jan. Leonard thinks it the writing of a maniac — but I cant make out if he's half serious or merely trifling. Not that it matters.

Liz did enjoy our afternoon. It was very good of Jan. Harold to have over-run Jan — dont know how visitors interrupt a book? But the children were tremendously impressed & amused; & it's a great thing to give them a treat, so I'm grateful to Jan both.

Have this stuffing. I've been caught in a thunderstorm on the marsh, but managed to find a cap full of mushrooms. which I shall

Cook for dinner. Not yet have I had a moment
for Pepita. Tomorrow I may: at this moment
that old swan naked white lily Angus
Davidson is expected; then we go to Lewes to
attend the Ltl book Club. But the
trade paper says that Foyle have had to
withdraw their first choice — Wells's novel:
owing to the uproar among booksellers,
so we were well advised to back out.
Yes I envy your detachment. But that
is a — being envied?
I swear I will go to Paris the 2nd
week in ~~April~~ October to a small new hotel I'm
told of. If you're there, let us
meet, discuss the American letter. How would that
suit you?
Now to answer Shels' letter.

E V.

I hope I've made clear how immensely I enjoyed
Rebecca: read it without drawing breath.
You must be a best seller onto the bargain.

Monks Horne,

Oct 15th 1937

I've have been so ridden with visitors
that I never had a moment to write.
In fact I was so touched by your letter
that I couldn't. But indeed * Nessa
& * Nena,
I mean that to you, I mean, meant something
I can't speak of. And I can't tell anyone - but
I think you guess - how terribly I've missed you
watching you: I could do anything, - sometimes
I feel hopeless. But that message gives me
something to hold to.

I doubt if I shall get to Paris at all.
I want to finish a bothering piece of
work in this comparative peace.
If I'm there though when you are, perhaps

we might devake a dinner some where. Wethen.
all the same, I doubt that Theres
Company: I don't like, as they say,
butting in. However, that two don't
understand. I major the Mon day how
constantly I mean to see you: for without
word you do understand
I read it like a thank NYPL swallowing mackerel.
I think so far both than Joan, more
masterly & controlled. And I think you
hold the innumerable threads wonderfully
tight & yet easy. My only criticism, a
personal deficiency I expect, is that I cannot
allogether sympathise with you mother.
There's something antagonistic. But no doubt
my relation with her queer the pitch. Their
rightly impairs the psychology of the
Charadis, especially towards the end. But
that all. Otherwise nothing but
praise, & you care for that.
Denny with Clive & his fewer. V.

HAMILL & BARKER 2/6/62